

HANOVER, JULY 26, 1804.

FOR THE TABLET.

Observations on Sympathy.

CONTINUED.

THE doctrine that sensibility cannot be positively improved, is far from imposing an impossibility of cultivating sympathy and the social affections, so as to render them more ready, constant and habitual companions in the breast of man. It supposes only that an idea of the object will make as deep an impression, on the first perception, as at any future period.

A power to associate is evident and distinguishing in the constitution of rational agents. A single object is, perhaps, never contemplated without embracing some of its dependences and relations. Different perceptions will embrace different relations, and of consequence the appearance will be varied, and the impressions not the same. The more ample the sphere of knowledge, and the more intense the habit of attention, the more active will be the associating principle, and the more correct and judicious the complex view. An object or fact that seems agreeable and innocent in its most insulated position, may appear odious and criminal when arrayed in the garb of connections and consequent evils. Objects viewed in different relations may become infinitely more interesting, and wake emotions infinitely more durable and impressive. Hence the influence of civilization and science, of philosophy and religion in softening ferocious tempers and invigorating social virtues. They teach the worth and tendency of things, furnish a clue for just discrimination, and lead to the formation of virtuous habits.

By the aid of science and religion a false and extravagant sympathy is corrected. See the widowed female of Indostan! she deliberately mounts the pile that her own exertions have prepared; she shrouds herself in flames that her own hands have kindled; she expires in death because Omnipotence has removed from earth the lord of her services, and the deposit of her affections. But were enlightened reason the governante of her actions, she would feel the impropriety and folly of a procedure so severe, inhuman and wicked.—Versed in the precepts of Divine revelation, she would condemn and refrain the indulgence of an outrageous passion, which we may emphatically term, a sorrow unto death. Sympathy, like all other affections, should submit to the guidance of wisdom. It ought ever to be exercised for purposes of good; its languor and ardency revived and moderated for the attainment of that laudable end.

A persuasion of the rectitude, utility and fitness of sympathy, is one mode of its cultivation. The intelligent mind discriminates a right and a wrong in human propensities and human actions. It has an idea of the superiority of man in the animal world, and of the fitness that all his passions and pursuits be distinguished by marks of this natural supremacy. Man is elevated to pre-eminence, not only by his ability to rule but by his capacity to enjoy. Enjoyment is natural good; it is the noblest object to which sensitive agents can direct their exertions. Whatever tends to subserve natural good in the *grand scale*, is right; and whatever tends to that particular species of natural good, peculiar to any class of beings is proper for their use, fit for their attention, and worthy their acquirement. Hence we affirm that sympathy has rectitude, utility and fitness; being subservient to the pleasures, connected with the duties, and promotive of the good for which man is signalized in the scale of existence. That the association of an idea of sympathy with the ideas of rectitude, utility and fitness, refines and increases the passion, is a fact which neither a metaphysician can deny, nor a philosopher treat as a chimerical position. That which gratifies desire is pleasing in itself; that which the understanding approves, is estimated right in its own nature. An object possessing agreeable qualities easily communicates its agreeableness to objects intimately related. An orator, whose eloquence makes every auditor feel and admire, may be addicted to habits disagreeable on immediate perception. The unpleasant emotions at first excited will gradually grow less sensible, and finally become totally imperceptible. It is this association of ideas or transfer of qualities that gives civilization its power to humanize the mind. Why is a native of the Island of Great Britain more humane and benevolent than a native of an island in the South Pacific? It is not because he has received from nature a greater share of sensibility and virtue; not because any principles of his nature have been positively eradicated or any new ones implanted. It is because the excellence, and happy tendency of virtue and social affections have been inculcated by his instructors, and witnessed by his own observation. It is because the turpitude and evil consequences of malevolence and revenge have been depicted to his view, applied to his conscience, and united with his belief.—He knows that the exercise of philanthropy and justice, is his duty; he believes it inseparable from his interest, and is influenced to restrain irregular impulses and reprobate malignant desires.

It is thus that education forms and varies the characters of men. Education can

neither implant a sentiment, eradicate an evil, or cherish a virtue, that nature has not formed in the original constitution.—For an object to which the mind has a natural aversion, it can never create a relish, the relations of that object continuing and being apprehended the same. But the power of association renders the mind susceptible of different views, different tastes, and different habits. This lays a foundation for that capability of modification and effectual culture, of which the poet intimates when he affirms,

“’Tis education forms the common mind,
Just as the twig is bent the tree’s inclin’d.”

In this manner may sympathy be improved and made a more frequent and habitual exercise of the soul. A contemplation of its fitness and utility approves it to the understanding, and endears it to the heart. Frequent instances of its exercise, leads to the formation of a habit and a higher estimation of its importance. We cannot take a survey of its effects without esteem, we cannot experience its influences without complacent reflections. Do we see a tender philanthropist wounded for the misfortunes of a friend whose welfare was one with his own? Our sympathy mingles with his, and the more frequent the view, the more ready the passion. Do we see this “son of consolation” aiming with vigorous exertions to alleviate the sorrows of his companion? We cannot forbear to applaud the deed and bless the temper by which it was prompted.

Sympathy is a dignifying ornament to man. It is a peculiar, a delicate, a virtuous species of love. It casts a beautiful lustre on society, ennobles its members and makes them appear in character, as a more exalted and beatified grade of existences. It strengthens the sensible bands of mutual obligation, it unites social with individual good, and leads reciprocal kindnesses, so genial, necessary, and promotive of intellectual and sensitive fruitions. It influences to an avail of those eminent faculties by which men are enabled to assist and felicitate each other in their pilgrimage tour to an immortal state. A soul, inaccessible to the approach of sympathy, and in which the soft flame of communicated emotion has never been lighted, is preposterously qualified, when pronounced human or social. Sympathy widens the sphere and actuates the exquisiteness of rational pleasures. It embraces the joy of surrounding acquaintances, participates without diminishing individual interests, and multiplies without dividing the original. Like the grand luminary of the skies, it dispenses to myriads, incapable of *affectedness* toward the *member* of participants. Although it inspires sentiments of indolence, although it feels the grief of the mourner and the child of affliction, it prepares, in these

ne instances, sources of a future, a lasting and a rational satisfaction. Every sigh of benevolent sensibility, every pang of sympathetic sorrow, when contemplated as an object of reflection, will waken sensations of celestial delight.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of JOHN CARTERET.

JOHN CARTERET, earl Granville, an eminent English statesman, born in 1690, was the eldest son of George lord Carteret, whose death left him heir to his title before he was five years old. He was educated at Westminster school, and Christ-church College, Oxford; and thro' his attention and abilities brought away an uncommon share of the classical knowledge for which those seats of learning are celebrated. High principles in government, and a fondness for convivial pleasures, are also said to have accompanied him thence, and to have characterised him through life. He was introduced into the House of Peers, in 1711, and immediately distinguished himself by zeal for the Hanover succession, which acquired him the notice of George I, by whom he was successively raised to various posts of honor. He was a forcible and eloquent public speaker, and supported all the measures of administration during that reign. In 1719, he went ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the queen of Sweden, and mediated the peace between that crown and Denmark, which put an end to the troubles of the north of Europe. In 1721, he became Mr. Cragg's successor as secretary of state, and proved an able parliamentary support to the conduct of the ministry, defending with vigor their boldest measures. He accompanied the king to Hanover, in 1723, and on his return joined in various conferences on matters of importance at the Hague. In the next year he was appointed to the high and arduous post of lord-lieutenant of Ireland, which kingdom was then in a state of great discontent, not a little fomented by Swift's famous *Drapier's Letters*. Swift, who esteemed lord Carteret for his manners and learning, expostulated with him on his prosecution of the printer of those letters. Lord Carteret ingenuously replied by a line of Virgil (which perhaps may serve for a sound apology for many of the measures of that whole reign) "*Regni novitas me talia cogit. Moliri.*"—"The unconfined state of the throne compels me to make use of these means." After an administration which upon the whole proved satisfactory to the nation, he returned to England, in 1726, and continued an eminent supporter of the government. Soon after the accession of George II, in 1727, he was again appointed to the vice-royalty of Ireland, where, with the interval of a visit to England, he conducted the affairs of gov-

ernment till 1730, with great success, employing his social talents to conciliate parties, and maintaining a good correspondence with several of the tory party. On this occasion, Swift wrote an humorous *Vindication of Lord Carteret from the Charge of favoring none but Tories, High-churchmen, and Jacobites*. From the time of his return, for reasons of which we are not informed, lord Carteret became a violent opposer of the administration conducted by Sir Robert Walpole; and in the course of his many speeches in the parliamentary contest, he was led to maintain maxims and hold language very different from his own whilst a member of government. He opened, in the House of Peers, the famous motion of February, 1741, for an address to remove Walpole from the king's presence and councils, and exerted all his eloquence on the occasion. When, in 1742, the dismissal of this minister was effected, lord Carteret again became a secretary of state, and again supported measures similar to those he had lately been censuring. In 1744, on the death of his mother, he succeeded to the titles of viscount Carteret and earl Granville. It is unnecessary to follow him through all the subsequent political changes of his life, in which he was sometimes high in the favor of his sovereign, and sometimes was obliged to give way to more powerful interests. He died on January 2, 1763, in the seventy-third year of his age. The natural talents and acquirements of earl Granville appear to have been sufficient to place him very high among political characters, but his ardent, enterprising, and overbearing temper, fitted him rather for being the minister of an absolute monarch, than of a limited sovereign. He was ambitious and fond of sway, but neither mercenary nor vindictive; his genius was lofty and fertile, and his confidence and presumption were equal to it. It has been said of him, that he never doubted. His own literary abilities made him an encourager of learned men; and he was the particular patron of Dr. Taylor, the celebrated Grecian, and of Dr. Bentley. In social life he was pleasant, good-humoured, frank, and bacchanalian.

CRITICAL HISTORY OF POVERTY.

IT is difficult precisely to fix on the epoch of Poverty, or to mark with accuracy the moment of its birth. Chronologists are silent; and those, who have formed genealogies of the gods, have not noticed this deity, though she has been admitted as such in the pagan heaven, and has had temples and altars on earth.

The fabulists have pleasingly narrated of her, that, at the feast which Jupiter gave on the birth of Venus, she modestly stood at the gate of the palace, to gather the remains of the celestial banquet, when

she observed Plutus, the god of riches, inebriated, not with wine, but with nectar, roll out of the heavenly residence; and, passing into the Olympian gardens, he threw himself on a vernal bank. She seized this opportunity to become familiar with the god. The frolicksome deity honored her with his caresses, and, from this amour, sprung the god of love, who resembles his father in jollity and mirth, and his mother in his nudity. This fabulous narration is taken from the divine Plato. Let us now turn to its historic extraction.

Poverty, though of remote antiquity, did not exist from the earliest times. In the first age, distinguished by the epithet of the golden, it certainly was unknown. In the terrestrial paradise it never entered. This age, however, had but the duration of a flower: when it finished, Poverty began to appear. The ancestors of the human race, if they did not meet her face to face, knew her in a partial degree. She must have made a rapid progress at the time of Cain, for Josephus informs us, he scoured the country with a banditti. Proceeding from this obscure period, it is certain she was firmly established in the patriarchal age. It is then we hear of merchants, who publicly practised the commerce of vending slaves, which indicates the utmost degree of poverty. She is distinctly marked by Job: this holy man protests, that he had nothing to reproach himself with respecting the poor, for he had assisted them in their necessities.

As we advance in the scriptures, we observe the legislators paid great attention to their relief—Moses, by his wise precautions, endeavored to soften the rigours of this unhappy state. The division of lands by tribes and families; the septennial jubilees; the regulation to bestow, at the harvest-time, a certain portion of all the fruits of the earth, for those families, who were in want; and the obligation of his moral law, to love one's neighbor as one's self, were so many mounds erected against the inundations of poverty. It was thus that the Jews, under their aristocratic government, had few or no mendicants.—Their kings were unjust; and, rapaciously seizing on inheritances, which were not their right, increased the numbers of the poor. From the reign of David, there were oppressive governors, who devoured the people as their bread. It was still worse under the foreign powers of Babylon, of Persia, and the Roman emperors. Such were the extortions of their publicans, and the avarice of their governors, that the number of mendicants was dreadfully augmented; and it was probably for that reason, that the opulent families consecrated a tenth part of their property for their succours, as appears in the time of the evangelists. In the preceding ages, no more was given, as their casuists assure us, than the fortieth or thirtieth part; a cus-

tom which this unfortunate nation, to the present hour, preserves, and look on it as an indispensable duty; so much so, that, if there are no poor of their nation where they reside, they send it to the most distant parts. The Jewish merchants always make this charity a regular charge in their transactions with each other, and, at the close of the year, render an account to the poor of their nation.

By the example of Moses, the ancient legislators were taught to pay a similar attention to the poor. Like him, they published laws respecting the division of lands; and many ordinances were made for the benefit of those, whom fires, inundations, wars, or bad harvests had reduced to want. Convinced that idleness more inevitably introduced poverty than any other cause, they punished it rigorously. The Egyptians made it criminal; and no vagabonds or mendicants were suffered, under any pretence whatever. Those, who were convicted of slothfulness, and still refused to labor for the public, when labors were offered to them, were punished with death. It was the Egyptian task-masters who observed, that the Israelites were an idle nation, and obliged them to furnish bricks, for the erection of those famous pyramids, which are the works of men, who otherwise had remained vagabonds and mendicants.

The same spirit inspired Greece. Lycurgus would not have his republic either poor or rich; they lived and labored in common. As, in the present times, every family has its stores and cellars, so they had public ones, and distributed the provisions according to the ages and constitutions of the people. If the same regulation was not precisely observed by the Athenians, the Corinthians, and the other people of Greece, the same maxim existed in full force against idleness.

(To be continued.)

ON CEREMONY.

CEREMONY is nothing else than the art of disguising our own faults in compliment to those of others; and the very use of it insinuates that without it, our company could seldom be tolerated, and never esteemed as our own pride desires it should. Hence it is grown into a science, and we make it first the study, and then the practice of our lives; and men are often valued in proportion to this kind of good breeding, even more than for acquisitions of far greater moment. Hence it is, at least, a necessary evil, and should be mingled with our correspondences as the sweetener of life. Among strangers, it is the first step to recommend us to their favour, and make us pleased with their acquaintance: And even where there is the strictest friendship, it is not to be entirely laid aside; neglects in that point, are apt to introduce such freedoms unawares, as are neither forgiven nor forgotten.

Ceremony also serves to mark out the bounds of high and low life, and distinguish all the intermediate spaces. If place and power, birth and figure were not to be adorned with ceremony and pomp, it is probable the vulgar would lose their distance and be looking boldly into the merits of their superiors; break down the barriers at once, and set the world on a level.

But after all, ceremony must be considered only as the decoration, and not the business of life: It is as possible to be too much in love with it, as too little; and those who devote themselves entirely to it, are seldom fit for any more than the honours of a ball, or a place at a lady's visiting day.

If ceremony in the wisest and best of us, serves only to set a gloss on our conduct; what must we esteem the overflow of it, in those who cannot be ranged with either? Surely it can be thought no other than a sort of courtly hypocrisy; an affectation of humanity that is foreign to the nature of him who wears it, and, of course, a snare to delude the unwary.

There is likewise a false complaisance, which men of sense and modesty are sometimes liable to, viz. agreeing to a wrong sentiment, rather than take the freedom to contradict it, and indulge the folly at their own expense, which they might as easily cure.

Good manners are founded on this single rule, to bear with the frailty of others, and take care that our own shall not offend; if we should add a grace in doing trifles, and ease in affairs of moment, we finish the gentleman at once, and ceremony can add no more.

[Bost. W. Mag.]

AGRICULTURAL.

THE original curse that lit upon the ground and was denounced in these words, "Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee," does not continue on the ground of an industrious man: for the hand of industry removes it. The neat and stirring farmer makes no truce with "thorns and thistles," or what we commonly call *weeds*, but he wages incessant war against them, till he has utterly expelled them from his enclosures. He bruises, and mangles, and treads, and suffocates them, and extinguishes their very seeds, and destroys them root and branch, with an enmity as implacable, as if he verily believed them to be the spawn of the old serpent. In the mean time, while with his utmost care and might, he destroys that evil seed, which the enemy had sown at the time of the apostacy, he with equal care, cherishes and cultivates the good seed, which in the beginning was scattered over the earth by the benignant hand of heaven.—"Every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food;"—

"corn, that maketh glad the heart of man," and all the various tribes of life supporting plants, are made to flourish under his watchful eye and cherishing hand. And the sweat of his face is amply compensated by the joy that is daily springing up in his heart. The sun does not shine upon any mortal, who so much rejoiceth in the work of his own hands, as does the industrious thriving farmer.

When, by the dint of his own industry, he has turned a portion of the wilderness into fruitful fields; when he has subdued and enriched and beautified ground, which had lain forlorn and deformed under the curse of "thorns and thistles;" when, in dewy morning, or immediately after a summer shower, forwarding the progress of vegetation, he stands amid the delightful scenes of the field—scenes, which (under favor of providence) were of his own creating, and are "like blooming Eden fair"—what with the charming views, what with the rich perfume of the surrounding atmosphere, and what with the secret consciousness of having usefully spent his time, a variety of pleasing sensations feast his heart. The sluggard intermeddles not with such joys; neither does a Caesar nor a Bonaparte. [Balance.]

ANECDOTE of DR. YOUNG.

AS the Doctor was walking in his garden at Welwyn, in company with two ladies, one of whom he afterwards married, a servant came to tell him a gentleman wished to speak with him. "Tell him," says the Doctor, "I am too happily engaged to change my situation." The ladies insisted that he should go, as his visitor was a man of rank, his patron and his friend. As persuasion, however, had no effect, one took him by the right arm, the other by the left, and led him to the garden gate; when finding resistance was vain, he bowed, laid his hand upon his heart, and in that expressive manner for which he was so remarkable, spoke the following verses:

"Thus Adam look'd when from the garden driv'n,
And thus disputed orders sent from Heav'n.
"Like him, I go; but yet to go am loth;
"Like him I go; for angels drove us both.
"Hard was his fate; but mine still more unkind:
"His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind."

A GOOD EXCUSE.

"Why not send for a doctor?" said a man to his friend. "Because," replied he, "though very ill, I do not yet wish to die."

ERRATA.

In the last column of page 1st. line 3d from bottom, for indolence, read condolence. In line 4th, for member, read number. In line 10th, for joy, read joys. In line 11th, for actuates, read acuates. In line 23d, for, leads kindnesses, read, leads to kindness. All these lines are counted from the bottom.

FOR THE TABLET.

FICTION.

STRUCK with its wond'rous form and
walk retir'd,
Mankind have long enchanting truth ad-
mir'd.
Lo ! there the Sage Divine, with mind
intent,
Wrapt in himself and o'er his volumes
bent,
In search of Truth employs his fleeting
days,
Heedless of false or undeserving praise.
The philosophic student, deeply lor'd,
In those deep myst'ries Nature's works
afford,
'Midst unfrequented ways for truth en-
quires,
And, when obtain'd, no richer gem de-
sires.
But simple Truth ne'er yet could Fancy
tame,
Nor stop the progress of its spreading
fame ;
Fancy ! whose bold excursions reach the
skies,
Whose voice creative bids new worlds a-
rise.
When Heaven's Benignant Sire created
man,
Then Fancy's wide dominion first began.
The human mind dame Nature's plan fur-
vey'd,
And order saw most strikingly display'd ;
Beauty appear'd, a child of real worth,
With wisdom mark'd e'er since its noble
birth.
Unnumber'd objects, form'd to give de-
light,
In quick succession crouded on the sight ;
In ev'ry breeze enchanting sounds were
heard,
That with peculiar art the bosom cheer'd ;
The rustling winds and gently murmur'ing
rills,
And woods responsive from surrounding
hills,
All seem'd possessed of life's unceasing
flow
And all was life throughout the world
below.
Hence Fiction rose emitting radiant beams,
Whilst dull description fled like midnight
dreams ;
Hence ev'ry object lively colors wore
And felt a genial warmth unknown be-
fore ;
Hence new-born beings, from a pathless
way,
Inmix'd procession hail'd the dawning day.
So when the vernal sun, with beauty
crown'd,
Illumes the east and spreads his influence
round,
Ten thousand forms and diff'rent paints
appear,
The joyful fruit of each returning year.
But, savage wilds, where native ign'rance
reigns,

And gloomy realms where mis'ry groans
in chains,
With fading lustre Fiction overspreads,
With lustre such as glimm'ring twilight
sheds.
From these we turn and brighter climes
descry,
That wide extend beneath a brilliant sky.
Where Science fair erects her noble seat,
And liberty and art together meet ;
Where blest improvement, ev'ry passing
hour,
Mankind invites within her learned bow'r ;
There Fiction deigns enliv'ning heat to im-
part,
Warms the cold breast and animates the
heart ;
Imagination there her flight extends,
And finds indulgence such as Truth com-
mends.
Nor will we here th' ungen'rous thought
embrace,
That such bold flights the letter'd world
disgrace ;
Nor yet that man, discarding real good,
Pursues wild phantoms through a spaceless
wood.
How unattractive, how of charms bereft,
How in the gloom of imperfection left,
Would seem this vast and wide extended
world,
Were beauty once from her possessions
hurl'd !
If thus from climes for wise improvement
famed,
Pleasure be banish'd, slighted and dis-
claimed,
Genius must droop and tow'r no more sub-
lime,
And brilliance fade, devoid of youthful
prime.
Ennobling pleasure, such as thousands
feel,
Ne'er wars with virtue, nor the senses steal,
But, cheering thought ! with knowledge
once combin'd,
Exalts the soul and cultivates the mind.
Let none unknowing, rashly rise in arms
'Gainst forms fictitious or fantastic charms ;
For these united give this pleasure birth
And drop instruction with a gen'rous
mirth.

LOREN.

FOR THE TABLET.

SENSIBILITY.

SAY, who enjoys the happiest frame of soul ;
Or he who owns soft sympathy's control ;
Or he whose bosom never learn'd to glow
With gen'rous joy, or melt with others' woe ?
Ah ! can the heart where human kindness lives,
Ask the solution which its feeling gives ?
Say, what is bliss ? the mind's unclouded day,
When the calm's settled, and the prospect gay ;
The soft, the delicately temper'd mind,
Enlarg'd to love, to elegance refin'd,
Which, unrestrain'd by charms of sordid care,
Springs from the clay to breathe a purer air,
Beholds with joy the comprehensive bound,
Trac'd by benevolence's free hand around ;
(To envious spite or peevish pride unknown,)
Partakes of others' bliss, imparts his own ;
Feels the distress another's breast endures,
Ceases to feel it only when it cures ;

And what it takes from human griefs, employs
As the best subject of its future joys.
Such is the heart, whence tempered to the tone
Of harps seraphic round the eternal throne,
Heav'n has attain'd with all its sweetest things,
And keen delight on ev'ry fibre rings.
By him, thus fram'd, responsive nature's seen
In her just colours, and her loveliest mein ;
While all her features stamp upon his mind
Th' impression the Creator's plan design'd.
For him philosophy her truth explores,
For him wise erudition opens her stores,
For him bright fancy spreads her purpled wings,
For him the muse unlocks her secret springs.
The graces in each chaster beauty shine,
And virtue moves in majesty divine.

Sweet sensibility ! source of all that is pleasing
in our joys, or painful in our sorrows ; how acute
are thy sensations ? 'Tis from thee that we derive
the generous concerns, the disinterested cares that
extend beyond ourselves, and enable us to partici-
pate the emotions of sorrow and joys that are not
our own.

ALPHONZO.

THE WANDERER.

COLD and damp the night-dew falls ;
Misty vapours slowly rise
O'er yon cloister's ivied walls,
Sad the gloomy screech-owl flies.
Hark ! responsive from its cell,
Anguish'd plants, and sorrow's sighs,
Cheerless vibrate through the dell,
Mark the spot where mis'ry lies.
Ah ! why has superstition thrown
Her cruel fetters o'er the soul ?
Will not the free-born mind disown
Her power, and spurn at her control ?
Where the mould'ring ruins nod,
There supremely horror reigns ;
Sternly holds her scepter'd rod ;
Frowns extensive o'er the plains.
See portentous clouds arise,
Dark and gloomy from the vale ;
See them throud the vaulted skies,
Borne with swiftness on the gale.
With trembling steps the Wanderer goes ;
Beneath the chill autumnal blast,
His form, oppress'd by ruthless woes,
Bends, witness of his sorrows past.
Once, perhaps, gay fortune smil'd,
Bade the crown'd obsequious bow ;
Pleasure own'd her favorite child,
Twin'd her wreath around his brow.
Dire reverse ! from sorrow's dart,
No kind hand will shield his breast ;
See it deep transfix his heart,
See it banish peace and rest.
Ah hapless wand'rer ! hither bend,
To this lone cot, thy pensive way ;
Compassion shall thy woes attend,
And hope may light her cheering ray.

Though Heaven has affluence denied,
Tho' spread the board with frugal fare,
Here sweet content does still reside ;
Her power can smooth the brow of care.

Here shall the sufferer find that aid
The sympathizing heart can give ;
Beneath humanity's blest shade,
The kindred virtues bloom and live.

Then hither turn thy wearied feet ;
Here memory's painful throb shall cease ;
In pity's ear thy griefs repeat,
And she shall soothe them into peace.

[Best. Weekly Mag.]

ELIZA.

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